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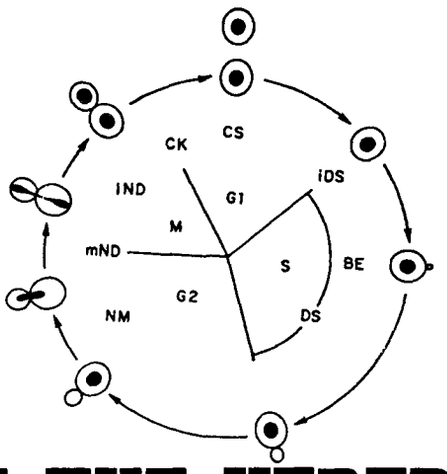
Fiftieth Anniversary Year



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MARC LAPPE

THE WAY WE JOIN TOGETHER

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

ON EUROPE'S BOTTOM RUNG

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PERSISTERS FOR PEACE

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THE GREAT GAPSQUEAK

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

POETRY OF USEFUL PROPHECY

RONALD CHRIST

REVIEWS:

INTERVIEWERS
Charles Thomas Samuels
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Daniel Morrissey

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NEWS & VIEWS

Liturgy & Women

On March 15, the female co-chaplain of Boston University's Newman House made several attempts to find a priest to perform a noonday Mass, the male chaplain being away that day on business in Washington.

Unsuccessful, the co-chaplain—Sister Gloria Fitzgerald of the Sisters of St. Ursula—proceeded to conduct a service of Christian community, one involving the structure of the liturgy, bread and wine, but not conceived by her as being a Mass.

"It is not a consecration sort of thing," Sister Fitzgerald said by phone from Boston of the service. "It is not a usurping of the authority of priests. Christians in the power of Baptism can share together."

Not to the liking of the Boston Chancery, however. It got immediately up-tight on hearing of the service, and forced Sister Fitzgerald's resignation from the university assignment on the grounds that she had said Mass.

Sister Fitzgerald conceded she has no authority to say Mass, but pointed out that if indeed she had celebrated one, as accused, it would prove that a woman is capable of performing that liturgical rite—which seemed a neat turning of foil against foiler. (It is, of course, the issue of women's role in the liturgy that underscored Chancery reaction.)

Pressing the advantage, Sister Fitzgerald added in B.U.'s *Daily Free Press* that she believed there was no "theological or intrinsic reason why a woman could not be ordained a priest."

Chancery's tough stance made the March service and Sister Fitzgerald's resignation a *cause célèbre* in the Boston area, and naturally the media hopped all over the story.

The paradox is that the communal service of sharing that caused a flap in ostensibly progressive Boston is fairly common, authorized or otherwise, in a number of allegedly conservative dioceses, including New York—where Sister Fitzgerald, 23 years a religious, once served at Emmaus House.

More Publishing Woes

Escalating costs in the printing trade are causing an "economic nightmare" for the Nashville-based United Methodist Publishing House, according to the firm's president, Dr. John E. Procter.

Sales were up to $19.5 million for the six-month period ending Jan. 31, but net income ran about $500,000 below what would be expected from such sales.

"We simply did not envision such a rapid rise in the cost of paper, ink and other production materials," Dr. Procter said. He noted that paper alone had risen 40 percent in cost, and declared there would be "substantial" price increases for curriculum materials and other printed goods reflected in the fall catalogue.

The United Methodist Publishing House handles all the educational and interpretative material for the 10.3 million member United Methodist Church, and does some of the printing for the United Presbyterian Church and the United Church of Christ.

Its materials are distributed from the Cokesbury Division of the publishing house. Procter said that two Cokesbury retail stores have been closed in 1974 because of continuing losses—in Seattle and Boston.

American Poetry

Peter Ackroyd, literary editor of *The Spectator*, chides the *Times Literary Supplement* for its put-down of "new American poetry" as being "poetry by the yard."

"It is nothing of the kind," Ackroyd wrote *TLS*. Rebutting *TLS*' article of March 29, he continued:

"There is no mention of the recently published work of John Ashbery, James Schuyler or Ed Dorn, who are substantial and influential poets. There is no reference to the recent collections of the poetry of Frank O'Hara, whose voice is the most powerful to have emerged in recent years. There is no examination of the recent work of certain younger American poets, such as John Koethe and David Shapiro, who are treating the language with a new resourcefulness. There is no recognition of the now historical fact that American poetry has advanced beyond the work of Lowell, Plath and their respective imitators.

"This may be because the fashionable English poets stopped dead in their tracks at that particular point. This review seems to locate American poetry within the dry 'main-stream' of the English tradition. You can follow its steps only by being pedestrian."

College Closings

The bells have tolled for two more Catholic women's colleges.

Newton College of the Sacred Heart, in Massachusetts, will cease to operate as an independent institution and be absorbed into Boston College effective June 30.

LNS

And on Aug. 31, Marylhurst College, an 81-year-old institution in Portland, Oregon, will lock its gates.

Their problems are typical of those affecting many colleges without heavy endowments or substantial state subsidies.

Marylhurst cited "declining enrollments and rising costs"; Newton College, spiraling operating costs and unmanageable debts.

A Bishop Speaks Up

The vast majority of the Catholic bishops of the country are laying low on the impeachment question. Not Bishop Joseph A. Durick of Nashville. He joined in a 10-1 vote of the Nashville Priests' Senate calling for the initiation of impeachment proceedings against Nixon.

"It is an ancient tradition that religious leaders have a duty to raise their voices whenever matters of justice and integrity are questioned in the land," Bishop Durick stated. "Such questions have not only been raised in our beloved country, but they have reached a point where there is a critical need for restoration of confidence in governmental values in all their ethical aspects."

Odds and Ends

—The prediction of House Majority Leader Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr. (D-Mass.): If the House Judiciary Committee issues a favorable report on impeachment of Nixon, no more than 80 members of Congress will vote against it.

—The stationery inscription of the 7th Combat Support Group (SAC), Carswell Air Force Base, Texas: "Peace . . . is our Profession."

—An aside in an *Overview* newsletter report on today's typical seminarian: "he is only half joking when he says *Humanae Vitae* is the Puerto Rican third baseman for L.A."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

G.O.P. Prospects

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The *Commonweal* editorial "Republican Prospects" [Mar. 18] was a thoughtful presentation and I am grateful for the encouraging comments about my position.

I am convinced that Watergate does not have to mean defeat for the Republican Party in 1976—and apparently some others also feel that way, judging from the list of those who have shown a yen to run.

This November's elections will be more difficult, because we have not been able to put Watergate behind us. The seemingly endless reluctance to get all the facts out at once, instead of in painfully extracted installments, is a severe handicap. Republican candidates will have to work harder than they have ever worked before to overcome it.

CHARLES H. PERCY
United States Senator

Registered Complaints

Huntington, Ind.

To the Editors: Writing in Correspondence, March 1 issue, Father Joseph Jensen said I refused to publish his "open letter" in the *National Catholic Register*. Father Jensen knows very well why his letter was not published and why it is we are uninterested in any letters from him.

One of the complaints of the Catholic Biblical Association was that we had published articles criticizing some biblical scholars but that our readers did not have access to the views of the CBA.

We took this criticism seriously and offered the CBA regular space in our paper to express their views. Our offer had no strings. We offered them whatever space they wanted, as often as they wanted it. They were offered absolute control of the material. We promised not to edit, shorten or comment on what they chose to say.

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CITIZENESS HEARST

The abduction of young Patricia Hearst is but one of several hundred domestic and 25 foreign kidnappings of Americans within the last five years. Yet it is a particularly strange case that raises serious questions about the public reaction to personal tragedy and the manner in which the media perceive, interpret and transmit reality to the nation. Ironically, the original William Randolph Hearst built a newspaper chain and a fortune by exploiting what was called the "Gee-whiz" emotion, by feeding the public appetite for prolonged, sensational accounts of kidnappings and murders. Today his descendents are victims of a variation of the same mentality—of a plot sprung from sick and violent minds, a distorted paranoid vision that sees a handful of rich and powerful conspirators as responsible for all the ills of society, and that sees a dramatic, staged, highly-publicized event as a means of altering public consciousness.

On one level, the Hearst kidnapping and the extortion of millions of dollars worth of "free food" is a weird reminder that class antagonism is still very much alive in what is sometimes considered an egalitarian society. There seems to be public sympathy for the idea that one of the ways to rectify the inequitable distribution of wealth is to coerce a millionaire to distribute steak and potatoes to "the people." The "people" lined up for blocks. The Washington *Star-News* reported: "Quite calmly, San Francisco has accepted the SLA and its demands; visible each day is the astonishing sight of leaders of social activism joining hands to implement plans for a food giveaway made under a threat of death for Patricia Hearst." Why? Maybe some were hungry and too poor to buy it. If so, then this kidnapping has demonstrated more suffering than that of the worried parents. Maybe some were "rip-off" artists, typical of those among the rich and poor alike who will seize something for themselves no matter whose suffering is involved. Perhaps one factor is the possibility that Hearst is not one of the most beloved American names. Would tens of thousands line up while millions more watched across the nation without protest if the food had been extorted through the kidnapping of a Roosevelt, Eisenhower or Kennedy child? Perhaps.

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The kidnapping and "conversion" of a son or daughter of the upper class is a popular revolutionary fantasy. Jack London included it in his socialistic apocalyptic novel *The Iron Heel* in 1906, and the New York *Post* reporters have discovered a recent pornographic novel whose plot parallels the Hearst case much too closely. In the Hearst case the press itself seems to have become an instrument in the kidnappers' plot. In seizing the daughter of a Hearst the kidnappers have seized the media: Hearst papers, the AP and UPI have printed the propaganda of the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army all over the country and the news—perhaps understandably—has been managed in the interests of the Hearst family.

The SLA has released the Patricia Hearst tapes through Pacifica radio station KPFA and other messages through the underground press. Both local and national TV have carried stories on the mythical "army" and the "People in Need" food program with very little hard critical information. There have been a few background stories on Patricia's early life and interviews with her fiancé, who is now being grilled by the FBI, but we still know very little about them. We are left to speculate on whether Patricia's emotional alienation from her family was deep enough to dispose her to join with the SLA or whether she is sophisticated enough to feign cooperation to keep herself alive. It is only recently that some journalists are suggesting in print what many have suspected from the beginning: that Miss Hearst may be an accomplice in her own "kidnapping." George V. Higgins, crime novelist and former assistant United States district attorney from Massachusetts, (*New York Times*, April 14) reasons that it is strange that the culprits took time to pick up her purse on the way and that they took so long in stating their demands. Meanwhile, it seems hard to believe that the FBI, and perhaps the press, with all their sources of information, do not know where she is. And now there is grim speculation that the whole affair will end more tragically than originally intended and that a lot of people will be left with painful questions about how they behaved from the beginning.

We are pleased to announce a series of columns, beginning this week on page 182, written by Abigail McCarthy, author of Private Faces/Public Places *(Doubleday).*

—THE EDITORS

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CPF MEETING

PERSISTERS FOR PEACE

If the Catholic peace movement is dispersed and dispirited, as some observers have said, the group assembled on March 23 in western Massachusetts seemed not to have heard the pessimistic news. For the second straight year—last spring at Waterbury (Conn.) Catholic High School and this year at the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Holyoke, Massachusetts—over 300 members and fellow travelers of the Catholic Peace Fellowship gathered together to rededicate themselves to various issues of peace and justice, to celebrate their association with one another, and to learn about the political concerns that have become a part of their religious lives in recent years. From a modest beginning ("It all started when we puttered around four years ago," according to Sister Elizabeth Hillman, R.C.), the annual meeting of the CPF in New England has become a significant event for a loose coalition of Catholic anti-war people, with the help and resources provided by the American Friends Service Committee and other peace organizations.

Sister Mary Dooley, S.S.J., set the tone for the recent day-long conference in her welcoming address: "We are here," she told representatives of eight states and the District of Columbia, "to reflect upon Christ, who teaches us to be just and to proclaim the good news of justice."

In pursuit of "the third way," neither the way of violence, nor the way of passivity—a negative term, suggesting non-action, according to one speaker—the meeting addressed itself to the question of priorities, particularly during the coming year. And in calling attention to the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, an educational service conducted by the Catholic members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, speakers made frequent reference to the encyclicals of John XXIII and Paul VI, especially his phrase "peace through justice," and to those Catholics whose daily lives proclaimed "the good news of justice": Peter Maurin, Dorothy Day, Thomas Merton, Ammon Hennacy.

Taking as a reference Gordon C. Zahn's article on "The Future of the Catholic Peace Movement" [*Commonweal*, Dec. 28, 1973], Thomas Gumbleton, auxiliary bishop of Detroit, said that the work of the CPF must be nothing less than the conversion of the Church, including the bishops, to the deeper truths of Christ, to the forgiving, reconciling, and authentic nonviolence of His life and message. In his opening address, Gumbleton called attention to various episodes that indicated Christ's deep respect for the individual human life, to enemy as well as friend. "There was never a person"—neither the beggar on the road to Jericho, nor the children, nor the

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sinners, whom Christ's friends tried to keep from Him —"who was not worth His time."

In the face of the many issues related directly to peace —the end of war, the elimination of the draft—Bishop Gumbleton challenged the Catholic Peace Fellowship not to narrow its focus too greatly, not to forget such overriding problems as the development of peoples, the distribution of food, the terrible imbalance in the world's goods, where even in the United States, "one-fifth of the people are kept poor and deprived." Obedience to these priorities, the ones that Christ responded to during His own life, rather than obedience to bishops or the established order, he said, must be the work of the Catholic peace movement in the years ahead.

Following Bishop Gumbleton's opening remarks, six workshop leaders addressed themselves to specific issues, reflecting the work that many of the attendants were already involved in. As in the past, the war in Indochina occupied a central place in the proceedings. A tiger cage, similar to the ones paid for and built by American tax dollars and now used to hold political prisoners in South Vietnam, greeted registrants as they arrived. And in a special workshop on political prisoners, Father Robert Manning, S.J., chaplain at Holy Cross College, emphasized the continued involvement of the United States government in South Vietnam since the cease-fire, which he observed in his visit to Indochina during Holy Week, 1973.

At lunch time, fifty conference attendants put their newly acquired knowledge about the United Farm Workers' struggle to work by picketing a local A & P, a holdout on the current boycott against non-union lettuce; the picketline—"a prayer in action," as Dolores Huerta called it—provided a realistic link to the nonviolent resistance referred to throughout the day. Other speakers and resource people conducting seminars on war tax resistance and on starting and developing communities of resistance, peace and justice, included activists from nonviolent campaigns against war over the past ten years: Jim Forest, member of the Milwaukee 14 and now editor of *Fellowship* magazine; Tom Cornell, of the CPF, and John Bach, of Jonah House, Baltimore—both veterans of Danbury, Conn., Federal Prison, where they were sentenced for draft resistance. Also central to the proceedings were "how to" workshops on alternative life styles, including special urban ministries by women religious (Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R.I., and Sisters of Notre Dame, in Connecticut and Maryland) and a dedication to arts and crafts, eloquently described by Ade Bethune, Catholic Worker painter and calligrapher.

The proper work of the conference was, Bishop Gumbleton said, "to challenge you and myself to act on the conviction that peace is possible, that peace is a duty." That sentiment was repeated frequently, from the morning scripture reading to the homily by Dolores Huerta in the afternoon liturgy. It was a somber note, in the midst of celebration, combining a sense of a common purpose with the realization of the hard work ahead.

MICHAEL TRUE

(Michael True, a previous contributor, is a member of the English Department, Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.)

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PHILIP LEGLER

QUICKSILVER THING

Small-boned
quicksilver thing

you are
rising full-length

naked
in your looking

glass Are
you offering

me strange
breasts swaying or

floating
somewhere on pink

toe shoes
turning those thighs

to the
world Have I seen

passing
your reflection

that deep
secret room you

live in
alone Mirror

girl my
shiny daughter

over
dreamy shoulders

have you
caught me today

watching
you drift away

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THE WAY WE JOIN TOGETHER

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

I WAS IN Louisville this month when a tornado touched down and tore off part of the roof of the inn where we of the Church Women United finance committee sat toiling over our final report. Cars whirled and smashed in the parking lot and windows shattered before the storm veered off and swooped on the fair grounds across the way. In the hours that followed I discovered that the first reaction of those on the fringes of disaster is surprise and annoyance that things have stopped *working*—deliveries, planes, long-distance lines, water faucets.

It was only the next day that coffee cups and saucers began to clatter in my hand and I knew that my nerves were beginning to register the freakishness of fate, the fact that death had passed by. I remembered the retreat master's favorite, that irritating, self-righteous schoolboy saint, who, when asked what he would do if he knew he was to die within the hour, replied, "I'd go on playing billiards." He knew, you see, what he was supposed to be doing and where he was supposed to be. But, in a world of bewildering choices for women—and still more bewildering limitations—did I want to spend my last hour on the work of a woman's organization? I was upset at the thought even though I was aware of the cultural conditioning behind my reaction: women are marginal in our society and the work of their organizations is hardly serious.

The question was compounded for me when I came back to a Washington mildly diverted by the newest tactics of women-journalists pressing for inclusion in the prestigious Gridiron Club and its annual dinner. The Journalists for Professional Equality were running a counter-Gridiron party which had posed a hard choice for politicians invited to both events. Were women's organizations not only marginal, but anachronistic as well? Upon reflection it seems to me that their revitalization is equally as important as the pressure for place in professional groups.

It is for less than 200 years that women have had the right of free association and then, for most of that time, in very restricted ways. It was through missionary societies, abolitionist groups, the temperance movement, and the women mill-workers' struggle that they began the slow march to social and economic equality.

In 1838, at a time when women were legally classified with slaves and imbeciles, and when Paul's dictum about the shamefulness of women speaking in public was taken literally, Angelina Grimke, gentlewoman and abolitionist from South Carolina, spoke before the Massachusetts legislature against slavery and presented a petition signed by 20,000 women. (Gera Lerner, *The Grimke Sisters*, Schocken, 1971). Had she not been upheld by the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, a group with four years' experience with public meetings, she might well have met with the jeering and social ostracism which had driven a few brave women from other platforms. "I have made myself contemptible in the eyes of many," said one of these sadly. Women have needed each other. Their organizations are still a way of identifying and finding each other. The most distinguished of us rely on rights which are the fruit of other women's struggles—even for the basic right to come together.

In a queer way women of the organizations have always been on the cutting edge of social movements. Theirs has largely been the network used for reform, for the imposition of "non-masculine" and humane values for the general society. Michael Walzer, professor of government at Harvard, and author of what he calls "a practical guide to movement politics" (*Political Action*, Quadrangle, 1971), has written that women are a key constituency of any new party or movement—civil rights or the peace movement, for example—and do important work in them, "work at which they are highly experienced," he adds. More often than not, that experience comes from their experience in women's groups. In addition, women, especially those in church groups, have an organic way of reaching across economic and racial lines. They are a surprisingly large part of the support community for the migrant ministry, for the farm workers, for urban change, for international initiatives.

Yet they yield leadership and policy to men. "The failure of women to assume leadership positions or to participate fully in decision-making often leaves the new party or movement rootless, the ideological tool and sometimes the plaything of marginal men," says Walzer. Women's groups are not vital in the field of economics or government nor do they, except for some specialized groups, train their members to be; too often they provide the money and the troops for male generals. Within their own groups they rely too much on personal influence and have little respect for process. Of late, church women, traditionally the fund-raisers for special projects, have begun to administer their own money, cutting down on overhead and bureaucracy as they do so, but they still tend to think of political action in terms of primitive political pressure. In this regard we are far from the goals of

(Continued on page 197)

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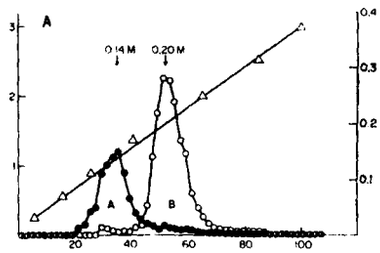
CENSORING THE HEREDITARIANS

MARC LAPPE



The turn to genetics in quest for human understanding

Our understanding of human biology has now seemingly reached the same bedrock of determinism that physics did in the pre-Heisenberg era of the 1920's. We have stripped man down to his core—and found DNA. Indeed, as molecular biologists are fond of pointing out, human DNA is virtually the same as the DNA found in the lowest micro-organisms. Since single genes have been identified which can determine the behavioral regimen of lowly organisms like the fruit fly (*Drosophila*), and since fruit flies are made of the same stuff as we are, should it come as any surprise that many students of human biology today are looking to genes for explanations of human behavior?

A strikingly diverse collection of scientists, prophets and pseudo-scientists have come to call themselves "hereditarians," a term which distinguishes them from the environmentalists who believe that events external to man are the primary determinants in his development. Hereditarians would have us believe that this latter group is a dying species, which in its last agonal throws is attempting to cast the hereditarians as mechanical soulless beings who would displace a humanistic view of our destiny with one of inviolable determinism.

Individuals like William Shockley, the co-inventor of the transistor, or H.J. Eysenck, a British psychologist, have taken on genetic factors as determinants of racial differences in IQ as their *cause célèbre*. Others like Arthur Jensen, a Harvard educational psychologist, have asked us to look at genetic substrata as the possible ultimate causes of educability. These people have come to be cast as the villains in this modern-day Morality Play. Their views are presented as being groundless and their motives are impugned as "racist" or "fascist." It is a sign of the times that blatant and grievous social causes of inequality and unrest have been put on the back burner while we bring these "heretics" to the fore. The most recent example of this kind of treatment was the agitation accompanying the widely reported appearance of William Shockley at Staten Island Community College and Princeton University in November and December of last year.

This preoccupation with persons rather than ideas threatens to deflect attention from the larger reality of the role of genetics in science today. Psychology is but one of many fields in which increasing attention is being given to genes as candidates for explaining biosocial phenomena. Psychiatry is also turning attention to genetics in its quest to understand the origins of mental disease, most notably, bipolar manic depressive psychosis. Linguistics is focusing on a form of genetic determination when it looks at innate patterning of language constructs. A whole field of behavioral genetics has sprung up in the last ten years, with genetic determination of aspects of sexual behavior just part of the genetic repertoire. Medicine in turn is looking to genetics for explanations of much of the unsolved problems in understanding the origins of human disease.

It is no accident of history that major political groups on the left see these developments as threatening the basic fabric of society. What is at stake in almost every instance is a fundamental assault on traditional views of the roots of human potential and disability: How we define the causal factors which shape human behavior, whether it be for "intelligence" or "heterosexuality," and more importantly, how we deal with deviancy from that norm. If intelligence is predominantly inherited, then remedial environmental programs would indeed be contra-indicated in favor of genetic programs—if one accepts the desirability of "improving IQ" as a social goal. Similarly, if gradations of sexual behavior are regarded as *both* deviant and genetic in nature, then entirely different courses of action are indicated than if such behavior were acceptable and seen to be culturally determined.

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The IQ/heredity issue must therefore be seen as the vanguard of a scientific revolution which portends the replacement of environmental models of social causation with genetic ones. Because of the unique interlocking of scientific and social forces, this revolution would be different from other revolutions in science which also had society-wide reverberations. This revolution directly pits scientists against sociologists as agents of social change.

To fully understand the revolutionary significance of what is taking place, we would do well to re-examine Thomas Kuhn's book, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. In it, Kuhn describes the processes by which an old scientific order is replaced by a new one. He points out that scientific systems of thought usually form coherent models or paradigms for explaining the natural world. The critical events of a revolution in science are hallmarked by a period of great flux and indeterminacy in society in which the old paradigms fail to explain adequately either social or physical phenomena.

Proponents of what I shall call the new genetic determinism claim (in keeping with Kuhn's model) that their paradigm can solve virtually all of the problems which the previous paradigm—environmentalism—failed to solve. Arthur Jensen, for example, has asserted that most of the environmentalist theories have been inadequate. Not only have they given us no new leads for problem-solving, but he claims that they have even failed to account for the very facts they were originally designed to account for. One of these facts is the discrepancy between IQ scores of blacks and whites.

There are at least two reasons for greeting this manifesto with some skepticism: the first is the dearth of definitive tests which might have caused us to question the utility of the environmental model; the second, the incompleteness of our knowledge of the relevant science (and statistics) needed to describe the genetic model. The two most relevant sciences, human genetics and behavioral psychology are in their infancy. Why then the rush to apply a new model when the old one, as Kuhn says of scientific paradigms, is still warm?

We might well ask, if knowledge in human genetics is indeed so rudimentary, why some have been so eager to apply it to problem-solving in the social sciences? Part of the answer may be rooted in our cultural predilection to look for definitive, unitary and often technologically based solutions to problems which frustrate simple analysis and solution. We have a culturally determined intolerance for ambiguity and multiple causation. Sometimes, as in the physical sciences, this intolerance has been put to good effect—witness the felt need to resolve the indeterminate nature of light ("sometimes a particle, sometimes a wave") which led to quantum mechanics. At other times, it may be distinctly inappropriate, as in the attempted resolution of genetic/environment interactions as explanations for behavioral phenomena in favor of a more purely genetic determination. To understand the particular power of genetics, we might do well to trace briefly its origins.

From its inception, genetic knowledge was considered the vehicle to greater human control over processes which were governed by chance events. Oswald Avery, the discoverer of DNA, believed that he had uncovered a means to *control* mutational events, not simply to understand them. But the hoped-for promise that genetics would bring a simple explanation to the labyrinthine problem of human ability and disability has escaped fulfillment.

For disability, the expectations that the early demonstrations of simple genetic mechanisms underlying metabolic defects which give rise to mental retardation would lead to a comprehensive model for mental deficiency have proven unfounded. Even for the best studied single gene defect, that leading to phenylketonuria or PKU, our expectations of simple cause and effect proved unfounded. Some individuals with the genes for PKU in fact never develop the mental symptoms of the condition, for as yet unknown reasons of environmental interaction or genetic compensation. Why does not everyone who has the genes which predispose for diabetes develop the disease? Why don't all people get diabetes at the same time? To what extent does the environment have to impinge on others before they manifest a latent predisposition to hypertension—or to musical genius? How much more complex must be the factors underlying the expression of traits such as mental ability generally, in which undoubtedly many different genes come into play with the environment?

The revolution which would make a person's genetic complement the prime determinant in these instances must be considered from both its scientific and moral perspectives, because as I have shown, the means which we will choose to implement corrective (or facilitative) policies will ultimately hinge on our choice of model. To the extent that replacement of environmentalist models with genetic ones requires destroying social policies like compensatory education or suspending welfare payments, this revolution may be one with a high social price indeed.

Unlike the Thomas Kuhn's depiction of scientific revolutions, the revolution of genetic determinism threatens people first and ideas second. When William Shockley asks "Do illegitimate slum babies have hereditary traits that contribute to urban problems and welfare costs?" and "Does social legislation unwittingly encourage people with inherited irresponsibility (sic) to have large families?" he is proposing hypotheses which leapfrog the normal sequence of proposals (from most heuristic and parsimonious to least) to ones which already assume genetic knowledge about social causation which we do not have. In the absence of an equalization of environmental opportunities, these are not meaningful hypoth-

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eses simply because they are unanswerable. Their invidiousness, however, lies in the fact that they will persist and imply solutions to social problems on a genetic base which cannot be tested. Neither "illegitimacy" nor its implied effects are amenable to testing as long as the offspring of such matings continue to suffer from the environmental deprivation they now experience. As evidence, one could start by citing demographic statistics (circa 1964-68) which show that "illegitimate" black newborns weighed more than ½ pound less on the average than did white newborns—and more than one-tenth of the black newborns weighed less than 5½ pounds at birth. This deficit alone is sufficient to account for a reduction in IQ of from 6 to 9 points, based on monozygotic twin studies which have shown that a disparity of more than ½ pound between genetically identical twins is associated with long-lasting mental impairment. (Of course here *only* the environment can be responsible.)

The critical hypothesis of the IQ/hereditary debate —that the IQ deficit reported for blacks is to some large extent genetic in origin—is similarly difficult to resolve. Since any genetic test of IQ differentials between blacks and whites ultimately depends on making measurements on populations where intermarriage has given varying degrees of "white admixture," testing requires some reliable genetic marker which measures this quantitatively. In spite of earlier studies which purportedly identified a "caucasian" blood group, there is now a growing consensus in the scientific literature that available blood group markers are inapplicable; and hence, for the foreseeable future the satisfactory resolution of the controversy will be impossible. If this proves to be so, and similar hypotheses prove similarly untestable, then to continue to propose genetic explanations of black disadvantage is highly suspect. Indeed, to use these hypotheses as interim explanations for the failure of social programs in the absence of remedial environmental action may be immoral.

Some researchers may wish to pursue genetic hypotheses, however unlikely or apparently untestable concerning such matters as black/white differentials in IQ: but for these hypotheses to be promulgated or accepted as serious candidates for a new approach to solving social problems speaks not at all of our high devotion to science but of the low state of our public morality.

ON EUROPE'S BOTTOM RUNG

JONATHAN POWER

Immigrants do jobs native Europeans would rather be unemployed than do

There are 10 million immigrants in Common Market Europe, not including intra-EEC migrants. If gathered together, they would be a nation the size of the Netherlands. A UN forecast (pre-oil crisis) foresaw a total immigrant labor force of 22 million by 1980. That would be nearly half as many as emigrated from Europe to the New World in the great 19th and early 20th century migrations.

As we know, those American migrations produced enormous turbulence and suffering. But relative to what is happening today, it was a homogeneous migration. By far and away the overwhelming majority were of European stock and Judeo-Christian culture. Now in Europe we have Turks, Moroccans, Jamaicans, Algerians, Pakistanis, Surinamese, Greeks, Yugoslavs, Antilleans, South Koreans, Filipinos—moving onto the bottom rungs of a society totally different in conception and mores. Strangeness, antagonism, withdrawal, hostility, reaction are feeding on each other. The fragments of violence proliferate. The anti-Turkish riots in Rotterdam in 1972 shook to the very roots a society that thought—because of its successful experience in integrating 300,000 Indonesians in the fifties—that it knew how to conquer racism. And the jagged holocaust in Marseilles last year laid to rest the myth that France was the civilized non-racist society of Europe where Africans became cabinet ministers and no one noticed.

Opinion polls in all the European countries confirm the mounting displeasure with the foreigners in their midst. That they are there to do the jobs Europeans no longer want to do is an article of faith held by detached intellectuals and company personnel officers. For most Europeans they are there to take advantage of their wealth-creating system, to compete for their scarce housing and to partake of their social services. When substance and prejudice are so far apart and when the "culprit" is so easily identifiable and locatable, there before us is the best recipe in the book for social turbulence. That the outbreaks of violence so far have been localized and relatively small is probably fairly easily explained.

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First there is the social stability of the European postwar system, strengthened in particular by the economic advance most people have benefited from. Secondly, immigration has helped European job mobility: the native workers have been able to move up a peg or two —they may not acknowledge why it has happened, but that does not detract from the sense of achievement. Thirdly, there has been the reluctance of first-generation newcomers to get involved. By and large, they have kept a low profile. Fourthly, and more difficult to measure, has been the patient legwork done by social and church agencies, trade unions and action groups. This varies in its effectiveness from country to country. In Belgium the trade unions are very good, in Britain appalling. In Britain and Holland the community action groups are impressive, whereas in Belgium and Germany they are few and far between.

At least two of these factors are changing. The most obvious is the deep economic insecurity into which Europe has been plunged. This does not mean that Europe will suddenly decide to send all its immigrants home, awful though the consequences of that would be. No, something more subtle and perhaps worse will happen. The fact is that the immigrants do jobs that native Europeans would rather be *unemployed* than do. In 1967 Germany's economic growth dropped to −0.3 percent. Yet although immigrant recruitment dropped, 151,900 new workers were engaged during 1967. The return flow was only very slightly larger than it would have been during boom conditions. The net decrease of about 200,000 (out of an immigrant work force of 1,300,000) was not due to the dismissal of foreign workers by employers but almost wholly the result of the fall in the number of new immigrants.

Unless there is a long-lasting recession of unprecedented proportions (at least in a postwar sense) leading to a major change of work habits, the vast majority of immigrants will stay. (Of course the Commonwealth immigrants who arrived in Britain before 1972—and the Surinamese and Dutch Antilleans—are in a rather unusual position in a European sense: they cannot be evicted without substantial changes in the law.) And they will become easy targets for those who need a scapegoat for society's ills. Unemployed white youths will find it all too easy to take out their frustrations on beating up people no one likes. Politicians will find it all too easy to stand up and say the immigrants must go. Quickly a situation of passive intolerance will pass to one of active animosity.

The other major factor that is changing is the age structure of the immigrant population. And it could not, because of the likely events described above, be happening at a worse time. Many of the migrants who came in the early 1960s now have teenage children who have spent most of their lives in Europe. And they are not particularly thankful for having the opportunity to work in Europe rather than starve in Jamaica or Algeria. It matters only marginally whether they have European nationality—as do Commonwealth immigrants—or they don't, as do most of the others. At bottom they feel they have a right to a job, social mobility and respect. They're touchy, and they can easily be set off. Put them in a tight situation and the unpredictable might happen.

But why are the immigrants here? At this end is our economic growth. Capital intensive, yes. But despite that it has had a continuing tendency to overrun its traditional labor supply.

The massive postwar migration of Turks to Germany, Italians to Switzerland, Finns to Sweden, Algerians to France, Surinamese to the Netherlands, and Moroccans to Belgium have one thing in common: they are all tightly correlated with economic growth in the recipient country. Speed up the economy and they pour in. Slow it down and they begin to stop coming. Every country in Europe except Britain has seen this clearly. (Only the British could erect immigration barriers in a time of slow growth.)

The other part of the machinery forcing the migrant stream uphill is their poverty at home. A poverty that

although absolutely bad is heightened by the widening relative gap between town and countryside and between them and us.

Between 1960 and 1970 the rich countries added $700 billion to their annual real incomes. This sum alone dwarfs the *total* annual incomes of the continents of Asia, Latin America and Africa. The difference between us and Asia is now about $2,000 per head. On recent trends it will widen to $7,000 by the end of the century. But it is not a silent gap. It is a gap that has been made vibrant and real through mass communications. The result: gathering despair in the countryside and an unending pilgrimage to the towns. Unemployment in the urban areas of Africa averages 27 percent; in the Philippines 14 percent; in Bogota, Colombia 11 percent. In Ceylon nearly 40 percent of the 15-24-year-olds are unemployed.

The countryside of the developing world has been neglected. Family size grows, feudal land ownership systems remain untouched despite millions of words of reforming legislation, agricultural technicians are primitive, the

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markets for cash crops are unstable and fluctuating, and governments give low priority to agricultural development. Between 1920 and 1960 the Latin American work force grew by nearly 54 million. Farming, however, only offered 12 million new jobs.

Even when there is opportunity in the countryside, the young man often finds the town more appealing. An adolescent is bound to earn more in a town job than he could hope to earn at home until he is old enough to farm independently. And by the time he has reached that age he has lost his attachment to the land. The fact is, not only will a job give him a higher income but he and those like him feel that in the town they have the chance of an income that will not depend on weather or market prices and will be paid regularly week by week.

It is no wonder then that young men, unemployed, marginally employed or unsatisfactorily employed in these sprouting Third World cities should take the chance when it offers to move on to our cities. Indeed an essay in the World Bank magazine *Finance and Development* dramatically illustrated the connection by pointing out that it would cost the rich countries $60 billion in aid to create the number of jobs in the developing world equivalent to the number of immigrant workers in Europe.

Whether the Europeans like it or not, the new proletarians of Europe are irrevocably tied into their economic system. Former German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard once suggested that if Europeans were willing to work longer or harder, they could dispense with most of the foreign workers. But the hard fact is the Europeans don't want to sweep the streets, work on conveyor belts or wait on tables. Neither are their industrialists finding it easy to substitute capital for labor. The Swiss Government, fearful of the mounting proportion of immigrant workers—they now make up 30 percent of the total work force, the highest in Europe—has been putting the squeeze on industry for some years now. Yet for all that, it has not been able to reduce its dependence on foreign labor significantly. Moreover, increased capital investment must offset the effects of lower birth rates, earlier retirements, shorter working weeks, longer holidays and increased years at school, before it can make an impact on the demand for immigrant workers.

There is, it is argued, another alternative—to take European capital to Third World labor. Albert Coppe, who was until twelve months ago the EEC Commissioner responsible for social affairs, espoused this view. Recently the Dutch Government has begun to talk about it. Indeed the excitement that swept Holland last year when a major textile firm announced it was moving lock, stock and barrel to a Third World country was quite disproportionate. However, one only has to mention the textile example to see how weak the argument is. Once a protected European industry moves to where their comparative advantage dictates, where they should have been anyway, what have you left? Approximately 95 percent of European industry! Certainly the hospitals, subway systems, roadsweepers, building sites, and coal mines are not going to move, and they are major immigrant occupations. And it is doubtful if Renault, Mercedes, Vredestein and MAN are going to move either. It is not that they are reticent about moving outside Europe when the occasion demands. Renault has 19 factories in the Third World. But they are only going to do it when it pays—when local demands are high and when production runs are long. After all, European industry is loath to invest in its own underdeveloped regions, much less then in uncertain and unstable countries overseas. Moreover, it is doubtful if European governments with their new oil-induced balance of payments deficits will smile benignly on large-scale overseas investment. Even if they did, we could doubt if the kind of industrial development they would introduce in the Third World would benefit the rural/urban imbalance. In all likelihood it would cause more young people to leave the land. Further, it is argued that increased urban employment in developing countries merely induces increased urban migration, and the example is cited of how in 1964 private employers in Nairobi and the Kenyan Government agreed to increase their payrolls by 15 percent at once, on condition that the trade unions agreed to accept a wage moratorium. As it worked out, the Government could not afford to increase its labor force, but private employers did and this speedily attracted additional new workers into the urban labor market.

But if economics dictate that Europe must fuel its growth with increasing amounts of immigrant labor, will the electorate tolerate it? Can one conceive of a Europe with an immigrant population of 22 million by 1980? Just to mention it sounds ridiculous. Labor emigration that developed to solve a real need is in danger of becoming counterproductive. Clearly the the time has come for some radical rethinking on the whole use of immigrant labor in Europe.

At the moment we have the following line-up: Industrialists in Europe who need labor. European electorates who have benefited from it but now feel enough is enough. And immigrant workers who feel forced by a combination of economic pressure and raised expectations to leave their homelands.

The answer of course must be worked at on all these fronts at once. European industrialists will have to find ways of reducing their labor needs even if this means considering a zero growth system.

Secondly, developing countries will have to reorientate their development policies more in the direction of rural development and away from the urban/industrial syndrome that only ends up feeding the emigration process both in its domestic and foreign manifestation to the point where it has become counterproductive.

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Finally, there must be a vast program of education of the European electorate, to make it realize there is no soft ride to prosperity on the backs of immigrant workers. That for those who are here with their children, going back is unrealistic and they must be decently integrated. And that we must revise our whole miserly attitude towards support for development both in the underdeveloped parts of Europe and the Third World itself.

The break-up of the shot-gun marriage between the poverty of the developing countries and rich European economic needs will not be an easy business. And it won't be a quickie divorce, Nevada-style. But we should, as father would have said, have thought of that before.

THE GREAT GAPSQUEAK

THE SCREEN

There is a certain kind of dinner party where everyone reeks of elegance, or would, except that no one has enough of a feel for these things to realize that elegance doesn't reek. To make his misapprehending guests feel at ease the host has unerringly misappointed his home right down to the last detail, which is one of those massive fifty-dollar books ($19.95 special pre-pub. price good only until December 24) placed slightly off-center on the coffee table. The book has been placed that way to give the impression that someone in the family might have been reading it and casually put it down. But since everyone in the family, heaving together, couldn't lift the book, the intended impression is, like all the other pretenses at this party, a bit ridiculous. Nevertheless, someone is eventually attracted by the book's imposing appearance and obvious authority. She wanders over to it with nonchalant discomfort in a gown that's a little too snug, and with a completely tentative and indifferent gesture she lifts the cover to peep inside. The pressure of her hand on the cover is ever so light and respectful; yet it proves to be the ounce beyond endurance. The coffee table collapses in inelegant splinters.

If books were movies and movies books, the new film version of *The Great Gatsby* could be one of these fancy editions that are seen only at the wrong parties. It is a coffee-table tome of a movie if ever there was one, a literary classic transmogrified into an illustrated extravaganza, the sort of book/movie that confounds beauty with prettiness. The one book that this film could not be, however, is the novel F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote back in 1925, despite the film's slavish adherence to Fitzgerald's plot and dialogue. Director Jack Clayton and screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola have assumed that if the movie just falls down and worships the novel, the novel will yield up its secret power to the movie. It won't, and doesn't, because that power resides in Nick Carraway's narration rather than in the plot or dialogue. It is Nick's telling of the story that makes Gatsby himself as insubstantial and mysterious as his own "deathless dream" of Daisy. But the movie tries to recapture this ephemeral quality in the novel only ineptly with pastel colors and hazy, soft-focus photography.

The adaptation and the direction having failed, all we are left with are the stars, Robert Redford and Mia Farrow. It's hard to say which is the most miscast. While Mr. Redford is too substantial to play Gatsby, Miss Farrow is not substantial enough to play Daisy. In fact the movie would have been altogether better cast if Mr. Redford had played Daisy and Miss Farrow Gatsby. Certain clauses in their contracts made this impossible, though, so both had to struggle along in roles for which they weren't suited.

As a result Miss Farrow has attempted to cope with her problem, it appears, by getting silicone injections in her cheekbones, adapting the technology of underprivileged strippers in order to flesh herself out for the role—to appear less a shrinking violet than usual. (Her stomach, meanwhile, was fleshing itself out too, in ways not so desirable for this role.) Costume designer Theoni V. Aldredge, whose name sounds as if it came off the guest list from one of Gatsby's parties, has attempted to help Miss Farrow take up more psychological space in the film by putting her in hats with brims that require lots of clearance on all sides. These hat brims also have the appeal of looking edible, like some extraordinary dough flayed to translucent thinness and starched into rigidity.

Since Mr. Redford has teeth that look as if they would like to eat Miss Farrow's hats, it must be admitted that, though not suited to the roles they play, the two stars are at least suited to each other. The rest of Mr. Redford—and his teeth too, for that matter—looks suited to only one activity in life as well as on the screen: hacking around. He just looks like a born hacker (around) who is fated to succeed through goofing off rather than, like Gatsby, to fail through taking everything far too seriously. In short, Mr. Redford doesn't add much to the film either.

For the better part of two-and-a-half hours, then, Mr. Redford and Miss Farrow play kissy-kissy, touchy-touchy while Sam Waterston attempts to play Nick Carraway by putting caraway seeds in the bird feeder outside his house. Some movie. In the end Tom Ewell makes a "special appearance" to deliver the famous eulogy at Gatsby's funeral, "The poor son-of-a-bitch." I haven't seen Tom Ewell since *The Seven Year Itch*. My goodness he's grown fat.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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THE POETRY OF USEFUL PROPHECY

RONALD CHRIST

An interview with Ernesto Cardenal

Not too long ago the poet-priest Ernesto Cardenal made a rare excursion from his island retreat on the Great Lake of Nicaragua to appear at New York's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine on behalf of the earthquake victims of Managua.

A frail man in his 50's with long grey hair combed back over his head, a grey beard and black-rimmed glasses framing his passionately compassionate eyes, Cardenal read his work in an oracular voice matched by nothing else but those riddling, dark eyes. A woman told me she thought he looked like a modern-day Christ and that is certainly how many Nicaraguans regard Cardenal —especially those who live on the Isla de Solentiname in the community he founded there to serve the poor. Later, when I met him in a walk-up flat in the middle West Side near the river, he greeted me in baggy black trousers, a loose-fitting, wrinkled white shirt cut like a peasant blouse and a black beret slouched to the right side of his head, and I said to myself, yes, a kind of Castro-Christ.

Cardenal didn't see many people while he was in New York, living here in almost the same isolation he commands in his native country. But he did speak with a publisher about his work, and another book of his prose, *In Cuba,* will appear within the year and most likely, another volume of his poems as well. In the meantime, a handsome volume of his poems entitled *Homage to the American Indians* was issued by Johns Hopkins this past December and that, along with various of his poems in anthologies and his two books published by Herder and Herder, *To Live is To Love* and *Psalms,* will serve to introduce this former student of philosophy at Columbia University, this one-time novice under Thomas Merton at Gethsemane, this political activist who has spent time in jail for his efforts.

And when that introduction has at last been accomplished, we will finally have come out of our isolation to recognize this remarkable writer who is one of the best known poets of his generation, both in his native South America and in Europe.

Q. Exactly why are you in New York now?

A. They invited me for a gathering being held in the Cathedral: some showings of art to benefit the injured in Managua; and since some monks and contemplatives of different religions were taking part, it seemed to me that it was a sufficiently important event to come here, in spite of the fact that I seldom leave my island. I don't like to leave my retreat there.

Q. What did you contribute to the gathering?

A. I read fragments of the last poem I've written about Managua—about the city in general, but the poem ends with the earthquake. It's about thirty pages long and students are preparing an edition that they're going to distribute among the people, and in Argentina some people are issuing it in book form.

Q. Your best known poem here is probably "Prayer for Marilyn Monroe." How did you come to write it?

A. I was in the seminary, studying to be a priest in Colombia when one of the teachers gave us the news of Marilyn Monroe's death. I also read a story in *Time* magazine about her and that inspired the poem. At the same time, it was the date in the liturgy when we have the gospel about the expulsion of the money-lenders from the temple and that too gave me inspiration to write the poem.

Q. Do you think most readers in the United States are missing the full scope of your work by knowing just that one poem?

A. Well, yes. My poetry is less known here than in other countries, and it is better known in Germany, for example, and in Europe in general. But now Johns Hopkins Press is bringing out a book of mine called *Homage to the American Indians,* which is a collection of poems on the theme of the indigenous cultures of America—North America, South America and Central America. It's about the wisdom, the mysticism and the spirituality of the indigenous tribes. That is one of the themes I've cultivated in my poetry: the theme of the indigenous.

Q. How did you come to write poetry in the first place?

A. Well, I began to write poetry when I was about four years old. In other words, I've always been writing poetry.

Q. Who are the poets you most read and admire?

A. The principal influence on me, and one could say this of almost all the Nicaraguan literature of today, is the North American influence, from Whitman to the contemporary writers, the very newest. Ezra Pound has had a special influence on me. The technique of Pound has been the greatest lesson for me. *The Cantos,* yes, *The Cantos,* not the earlier poems. Almost all South American poetry has been influenced by Europe and especially by France, but Nicaragua has been influenced by North American poetry and now the influence of Nicaragua

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has extended to other countries, most notably to Cuba. Current revolutionary poetry from Cuba has been greatly influenced by Nicaraguan and North American poetry.

Q. But unlike The Cantos, *your poems are easy to read. They're straightforward and simple in their diction.*

A. I have tried not to be difficult as Pound is, I have tried to use technique but in a way that can be understood by the people. Pound was not interested in being understood by them, so yes, there is that difference between his poetry and mine.

Q. But you haven't tried to write in a specifically revolutionary diction, have you?

A. Well, Pound wrote much economic, social and political poetry—principally economic—and I also have written quite a bit of economic poetry and some of those indigenous poems also have these themes. I have a poem about the Inca culture which is principally an economic poem about the socialism of the Incas. The poem is called "The Economy of Tahuantinsuyo." Tahuantinsuyo is the Quecha name of the Inca Emperor. I also have other poems about the Mayas and they too touch greatly on the economic, political and social themes.

Q. But not from such a fixed point of view as Pound's?

A. I think that Pound's principal point, and this is *very* important for everyone to see today, is that the present capitalistic economy is an oppression of culture, of all aspects of man's life and we ought to liberate ourselves from this oppression. He called it usury, the oppression of money, of the power of money, and I try also to treat this theme in historical poems of indigenous cultures as well as in some poems touching upon the theme of imperialism. In these poems I'm working with a preoccupation with the religious and mystical aspect of man's life and not just the economic. Speaking of the Incas, I say that their socialistic economy was an economy with religion. I am not interested in an economic liberation of man without the liberation of the *whole* man.

Q. Some people have compared your work to the anti-poetry of Nicanor Parra. How do you feel about that comparison?

A. I think there is something in common between his poetry and mine, something that consists in our trying to write realistic poetry; that is, poetry with images drawn from our present, real world. But I myself have never called what I write anti-poetry. I also think that my poetry should not be

PRAYER FOR MARILYN MONROE

Lord

receive this child known the world over by the name of
    Marilyn Monroe
though that was not her real name
(but You know her real name, the name of the little
    orphan raped at 9
of the salesgirl who tried to kill herself at 16)
and who comes before You now without any makeup
without her Press Agent
without photographers and without signing autographs
like a lone astronaut facing the galactic night.

Still a child she dreamed herself naked in a church
    (according to the story in TIME)
before a prostrate multitude, with their heads to the floor
and she had to tiptoe so as not to tread upon their heads.
You know our dreams better than the psychiatrists.
Church, house, cave are the security of the womb
but something more than that . . .
The heads are her fans, that's clear
(the mass of heads in the dark below the beam of light).
But the temple is not the studios of 20th Century-Fox
The temple—of marble and gold—is the temple of her
    body
where the Son of Man with a whip in his hand
is expelling the money changers of 20th Century-Fox
who made of Your house of prayer a den of thieves.

Lord
in this world contaminated by sins and radioactivity
surely You will not punish just a little salesgirl,
Who like all salesgirls dreamed of being a movie star.
And her dream became reality (but like a Technicolor
    reality).
All she did was act out the script we gave her —
The script of our own lives—and it was an absurd script.
Forgive her Lord and forgive us too
for our 20th Century
for this Super-Colossal Production we've all worked on.

She hungered for love and we offered her tranquilizers.
For her sadness because we are not saints
                we suggested analysis.

Remember Lord her growing dread of the camera
and her hatred of makeup—insisting on making herself
    up for each scene —
and how her horror was growing greater
and greater her lateness at the studios.
Like every shopgirl
she dreamed of being a star.
And her life was as unreal as a dream interpreted and
    filed away by a psychiatrist.

Her romances were a kiss with closed eyes
and when her eyes open
she discovers that she was under the lights
                and then they put out the
                lights!

and they take down the two walls of the room
    (it was a movie set)
while the Director walks away with his script
                because the scene had already
                been shot.

Or like a trip on a yacht, a kiss in Singapore, a dance
    in Rio

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only known as the poetry of Ernesto Cardenal but rather as Nicaraguan poetry.

Q. What about graffiti and slogans such as you find in Parra's work?

A. No, I'm not interested in those, because they are not poetry. Well, some anti-poets say they are. Slogan-making is *not* poetry.

Q. Do you have a guiding esthetic for your own work?

A. A friend of mine from Nicaragua, José Coronel Urtecho, told me that for Pound poetry was "poetry containing history"; and he told me that my poetry was "poetry containing history *and* wisdom." In reality, what I would have wanted to say is that my preoccupation—and that, also, of José Coronel Urtecho—is that of writing a poetry which serves others in communicating its meaning. It was in this sense that he understood the word "wisdom"—in the Biblical sense of wisdom, in the sense the prophets gave to the word. For me, poetry is above all prophecy in the Biblical sense of guidance.

Q. How about your epigrams? They are neither about revolution nor economics.

A. Well, there is more to life than revolution. There is also love. My epigrams were written when I was young and they are a poetry of love and hate, some of both love and hate at the same time, because while they are political poems they are also love poems. It was much later that I developed a different kind of poetry—social, political and prophetic. I would call it—in trying to find the solution for our problems, a poetry that serves for something in the construction of a new society, poetry that would be useful and poetry that might be more than just a vehicle for communicating something. I am not interested in poetry for poetry's sake. My poetry is not lyric. The epigrams are lyric because they come from my youthful period of lyricism, but my other poetry is not lyric.

Q. In what sense is the Marilyn Monroe poem not lyric?

A. I was actually referring to the poetry that I'm writing right now, poetry with a revolutionary theme, for example. You could say that "Prayer for Marilyn Monroe" is a lyric poem, but it is not properly a poem about an individual since there was no individual relation between her and me. Rather, with her as my subject, I speak of the current civilization and I consider her not as a symbol but as victim—victim, really, of the commercialization, of the falsification of this real world. That is my theme.

the reception in the mansion of the Duke and Duchess
of Windsor seen in the tiny livingroom of her
miserable apartment.

The movie ended without the final kiss.
She was found dead in her bed, her hand on the phone.
And the detectives couldn't find out who she was going
to call.
She was
like someone who has dialed the only friendly voice
and hears just a recorded voice telling her:
WRONG NUMBER
Or like someone wounded by gangsters
who reaches for a disconnected telephone.

Lord
whoever it was she was going to call
and didn't call (and maybe it was nobody
or Somebody whose number is not in the Los Angeles
Directory)
You answer the telephone!

STARS

The starred sky is like a nighttime city
seen from a plane: the stars are like streets
like lit-up supermarkets/neon signs
like motels nightclubs movies and lights
—white and red—from cars—come and go—
along dark highways . . .
and they burn for nothing:

a waste of energy lost here below in the void
in streets stores cafes nightclubs motels
movies showing a Clark Gable superproduction!

MANAGUA 6:30 PM

Neons in the evening are mellow
and mercury lamps pale and beautiful . . .
And the red star of a radio tower
in the twilight sky of Managua
is lovely as Venus
and an ESSO sign like the moon

tiny red lights on cars are mystical

(The soul is like a girl smooched behind a car

TACA BUNGE KLM SINGER
MENNEN HTM GOMEZ NORGE
RPM SAF OPTICA SELECTA

all proclaim the glory of God!
Kiss me beneath the luminous signs oh God)

KODAK TROPICAL RADIO F&C REYES

they spell out your Name
in many colors.

"They broadcast
the news . . ."

I don't get
any other meaning
I don't defend the cruelty of those lights
And if I have to bear witness to my times
it's this: They were primitive and barbaric
but poetic

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EXPOSING PEOPLE, NOT ISSUES

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

Murderers & Other Friendly People

DENIS BRIAN

McGraw-Hill, $7.95

Deciding to interview interviewers, Denis Brian selected a promising task. Justifiably popular as a means for satisfying curiosity, the form adds the pleasure of drama to the illumination of reportage; it allows us to discover instead of being told. Moreover, interviews are life-like, because we constantly put questions to each other in our hope that truth will loom behind the strategies of response. How valuable it would therefore be to learn something about an interviewer's methods of inquiry and whether he finds his work hazardous or useful. But having conceived of an interesting topic, Brian seems unable to maintain interest in pursuing it.

Face to face with George Plimpton, for example, he asks little about *The Paris Review* conversations with writers that Plimpton runs. Instead Brian wants to know about people who were *not* interviewed, whether Plimpton would sign on for a moon flight, and if the famous omnicompetent thinks that life contains "an overall purpose." What these matters have to do with the art of interviewing we are left to surmise, just as we are left to wonder why anyone would ask Truman Capote what he might say "on international TV" or would care whether Rex Reed thinks there is life after death. Should one of his interlocutors try to force relevance Brian simply dodges.

In general, his efforts only prove a remark that Malcolm Cowley makes to him ("it's hard to give an intelligent answer to a stupid question"); but they also show that interviewing is never wholly fruitless. At the lowest level, it encourages moral exposure; in the words of Arnold Gingrich, "the cruelest thing you can do to anybody is to quote him literally." Armed with tape-recorder, an interviewer is often lethal, his friendship sometimes dangerous (though even this Brian is too dull-witted to underline; he calls his book *Murderers & Other Friendly People* not as a comment but only because two of its subjects, Truman Capote and William Buckley, consorted with killers). Frequently, however, the interviewer's victims are more accurately perceived as suicides.

Even Brian's wide-eyed sympathy doesn't keep people from succumbing to egotism, pettiness, or back-biting. So we have, among others, Truman Capote taking credit for teaching Gay Talese how one produces in-depth reports and Talese impatiently denying that assertion; Rex Reed and Richard Harris counter-charging over a nasty meeting at a Malibu brunch; William Buckley and Benjamin DeMott squaring off on a book review; and each of several "Hemingway-hunters" declaiming that he alone captured the great man's soul. Conduit for quarrels, occasionally Brian transcends his gossip-lust to provoke real drama, as in the Mary Hemingway interview, where egotism only gradually shakes through the artfully arranged conciliations, bringing a complex character to sudden life. Occasionally, Brian's vulgarity even throws excellence into high relief, when a subject resists the invitation to querulousness and gives us instead a display of magnanimity (Alice Roosevelt Longworth) or of professional commitment (Alex Haley). For the most part, however, Brian exposes people rather than issues.

Although he is indifferent to issues, they nevertheless get raised; and his book contains if not food for thought, at least crumbs. Mind-starved by his questions, we are the more likely to seize and chew over the odd tidbit of an answer—like Lillian Ross' casual assertion of the very *raison d'être* for interviews: "you're fresh in coming to your subject and first impressions and first instincts about a person are usually the sound, reliable ones that guide you to the rest of what the person has to offer." But what if the first impression is of something duplicitously staged, or if the source is having an off-day, or if the very act of interviewing distorts? Confidence in the truth rather than the entertainment value of interviews rests on a series of assumptions that can and must be questioned. Regrettably, the practitioners with whom Brian talks scarcely do more than wonder if the tape recorder facilitates accuracy or insures artifice. Whether even an accurate interview can be paradigmatic rather than presumptuous they do not ask. Yet it seems obvious that a life can no more be summed up in an interview than in any other moment.

If the interview can lay no secure claim to essential truth, what more modest job can it perform? In good hands, it can make a virtue of selectivity by turning the partial into provocation. Here, the reporter, who knows exactly what he wants to unearth, ignores the subject's total character and zealously pursues individual facts. For him, nothing can be sacrosanct—as Gay Talese correctly maintains. Nor should the sleuth hesitate to trick his quarry (the preferred means, according to Talese, Capote, Haley and Studs Terkel, is a confidence offered by the interviewer that seduces his subject into reciprocity). Sleazy in the performance, this can be redeemed in the result, if only the bagged fact is large enough in human or journalistic significance. Such interviews demand strong nerves and also considerable tact; should the interviewer tip his hand, he might be ejected—or worse—and subsequent

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confrontation with his subject could be bloody, if only figuratively. (Although, as Harrison Salisbury reports, while discussing his interviews with Russian bureaucrats, there is often a threat of actual blood or, in the "free world," of injunctions and lawsuits.) In one of its forms, then, the interview contains the thrill of a detective story.

On a milder level, it is a method for packaging wisdom—conveniently, because everyone finds it easier to express ideas before a sympathetic, guiding witness than to organize them into discursive prose. If ideas are what an interviewer desires, his method must differ sharply from that of an interviewer seeking the trapped confession. Here, spontaneity may be counterproductive and trickery downright foolish. Unbuttoned, we are all beasts; to reveal the higher faculties, conversation must be clothed in knowledge. And on both sides; the wisdom-seeking interviewer should know as much as possible about his interlocutor, for knowledge, like wealth, comes only to those who already possess some. Since depth rather than fact is what he is after, editing is also more warranted in this than in the previous sort of interviewing—where, as Gay Talese remarks, joining quotations together falsely turns the subject into a monologist. Monologizing poses no threat to propositional interviews; as *The Paris Review* series makes clear, in such cases, the transcript may even be reworked until speech attains the luster of writing. But I doubt that artifice should go as far as Plimpton himself let it go when he permitted Hemingway both to frame and answer questions. Even an intellectual interview should leave some chink for the unexpected, so that beliefs the subject had not realized may suddenly shine through.

However, most interviews contain neither surprising revelations nor interesting ideas. Instead, they offer thumbnail sketches, putting us for a privileged moment in the company of men we wish we knew. But by what fiat? A profile, in which the reporter has substantial contact with his subject and then arranges his findings, obviously intends an interpretation (Brian's failure to distinguish between profiling and interviewing is one of the primary causes of his own sorry performance as investigator of the latter mode). However, an interview normally transpires in a far more limited time and is usually offered to us a literal, hence unarranged (albeit often abbreviated) version of the actual encounter. This implication of raw truth is fundamentally specious, because the character of the interviewee is brought to us only through the character (interests, sympathies, alertness) of his interlocutor.

We are naive when we take the latter as a sort of anonymous machine for the production of questions or—to change the metaphor—as a headlight in which the subject is indelibly caught. When an interview approaches a character sketch, its significance is the interviewee's manner rather than the substance of his response. Hence, we are not getting hard facts or assertions but rather a subtle and diffused interplay between two halves of a human event. With its appearance of unmediated drama, however, the form offers manifold opportunities for disguised and thus dangerous tendentiousness, even when the interviewer merely records what was said. Having framed the questions and psychologically affected the talk, he has set up the parameters of its meaning. We need to recognize—issues of quality aside—that most interviews belong to art rather than objective journalism and that most interviewers share with fellow artists full responsibility for what they express. To read interviews properly is to have a sense of doubleness of their content, of the ambiguity of their revelations, and of the deep mystery of human interaction they cannot help but display. That such matters are barely suggested in Brian's book makes it unsatisfying. But Brian has, at least, inspired us to contemplate a journalistic mode that demands searching review—because it is no less widespread than problematic.

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REVIEWERS

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS, a previous contributor to these pages, was a member of the English Department of Williams College. He died last month at the age of 38.

JOHN GARVEY is an editor with Templegate and edits a bi-weekly education newsletter, *University Today*.

DANIEL MORRISSEY is the editor of the *Georgetown Law Weekly*.

Frontiers for the Church Today

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

Oxford U. Press, $5.95

The Fire We Can Light

MARTIN E. MARTY

Doubleday, $5.95

The New Agenda

ANDREW M. GREELEY

Doubleday, $6.95

A New American Reformation

JAMES F. DRANE

Philosophical Library, $7.50

JOHN GARVEY

The tension between the church as it is and the church as the gospel indicates it should be, has been a problem ever since Pentecost. It may also be the source of everything interesting in Christian history; there have been attempts since the beginning, anyway, to resolve the tension. Currently some right-wing fundamentalists reject "churchianity"—all you need, they say, is to "believe on the Lord" and the rest is folly. At the left is a radical puritanism which, seeing the church's involvement with the world's corrupt powers, will have nothing to do with the church. In the middle, and probably as wrong as the other viewpoints, is the attitude that the church is more or less all right as it is. (Was it *ever* any good? St. Paul, after all, had to warn some early Christians away from incest, and St. Francis of Assisi received the gospel from a corrupt church.)

Here are four books which all begin

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with the assumption that the institutional church is alive and not very well, as usual. All would, in varying degrees, accept the thrust of something said by Hendrickus Berkhof, and quoted by Robert McAfee Brown: "I believe that God is so humble that he decided to dwell in institutions; but we should know that they are more his manger and his cross than his temple."

Paraphrasing Frost, Robert McAfee Brown says that his book is an expression of his "lover's quarrel" with the church and—just as important—with the world. *Frontiers for the Church Today* is loving and extremely critical. Brown's message is that the church has been *sent*. It exists in the world for the sake of the world. He does not reduce Christianity to the "social gospel"; he simply refuses to separate the world of prayer and worship from the work that needs to be done. In his reflections on the need for liturgical celebration Brown writes that we live in a world "about which we can and we must say, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.' . . . To be sure, we have covered up that glory and that presence with demonic skill, so that for many—perhaps even for most today—earth seems to be a hell rather than a heaven." If the note of celebration is lacking in the life of the church, "then the weight of human need and anguish will be a crushing burden that can only destroy those who dare to face that burden with sensitivity. Christians have every right (as St. Paul noted clearly) to be perplexed, but not (as he noted equally clearly) to be perplexed unto despair."

Brown writes of the frontiers—ecumenical, cultural, technological, and social—to which the church should go, and some of his observations will disturb traditionalists. He points out, for example, that pacifism is so much a part of the gospel and of early Christian tradition that the burden of proof is on those Christians who reject it; he believes that denominational structures should recognize and transcend the fact that they exist provisionally, not as ends in themselves: "It can no longer be seriously argued that the message of justification by faith would disappear without Lutheranism; that the free pulpit is dependent on Presbyterianism; or that an ordered liturgy is uniquely co-extensive with Episcopalianism." And not everyone will agree with his liberalism. Some would ask whether the churches should have stock portfolios at all, not only whether they should examine them. But the book is liberal in a deeper and almost forgotten sense: it is uncompromisingly humane, open-minded, charitable and critical at once.

Martin Marty's *The Fire We Can Light* looks at the apparently quiet world of the churches during the '70s, contrasts it with the ferment of the '60s, and makes a few predictions and suggestions. Marty is able to qualify his generalizations without invalidating them, something which makes him unique among journalist/prophets, and brings to his work a nice combination of good will and skepticism. After pointing out the virtues of "worldly theology," for example, he is able to write, "What the impulse was that led theologians to ask, 'How little must I believe in order to be considered Christian?' is hard to discern. It may have varied from person to person. Some may have been a bit insecure about their profession. One theologian told me, when it was over, 'I learned that 'modern man' or 'secular man' was simply the person in whose presence I was embarrassed to admit that I was a clergyman.' . . . A footnote to the worldly theology deserves to be recorded . . . it was almost always designed for the young and healthy, the middle-class and mobile. . . . Most of the human race never was and remains a long way from becoming free on the terms of Western academic models." Marty touches virtually all of the significant social and religious trends of America's immediate past—it is a virtuoso performance which is better for not seeming to be—and the last chapter, which has to do with "a search for the core of Christian experience and tradition," is full of exciting hints. I hope it will be expanded some day.

Andrew Greeley's *The New Agenda* is, like most of Greeley's writing, occasionally irritating, occasionally excellent, and never boring. When Greeley says, for instance, that "Whitehead and his disciples have opened important paths for exploration by Catholic theologians once these latter worthies stop trying to find relevance and validation on picket lines," you can see why some people don't like him. It isn't just that this is a gratuitous slam; it isn't even a *good* gratuitous slam. It is especially unfortunate because it happens in the middle of a good point. There are spots where the book is too glib and relies pretty heavily on trendy jargon.

But if someone were interested in a fresh and exciting overview of much of the best contemporary Christian thought he couldn't find a better place to begin. This isn't to say that Greeley does nothing original here. Like Brown and Marty he is eager to point out some areas into which the church

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should move, and he does so. But his summaries of recent religious thought and his references are valuable in themselves. The book as a whole reflects Greeley's belief that not only the church but the individual must "listen critically to the insights of the modern world" as well as the wisdom of the past. The Christian must "be critical about his own symbols (especially about the most recent interpretations of them) and also about the fantastic array of insights that the various modern symbol systems convey to him. On the other hand he must also listen to his own past and listen to the wisdom of the present. He seeks not so much a shallow superficial harmony in which everything is integrated in some artificial 'new synthesis.' He seeks, rather to listen to the Spirit wherever the Spirit may speak; he refuses to budget the Spirit's time and energies. . . ."

A New American Reformation is in some ways outdated. It is about youth culture, something which will probably be the subject of next year's nostalgia binge. ("Remember *The Greening of America*?") Like most serious writing about youth it is frequently *too* serious. To say, as Drane does, that "young people generally are calling for a renaissance of all the right values" is humorless and much too earnest. Drane doesn't say anything new about youth culture in general. But a good part of the book deals specifically with the Jesus people, and Drane offers one of the most balanced and sensitive views of this movement. He understands and sympathizes with its anti-establishment stance, and is at the same time bothered by its extreme fundamentalism, oversimplifications, and lack of theology—or rather its lack of an *acknowledged theology*. This is typical: after expressing his sympathy with the realization some Jesus people have, that to be a Christian one must reject accepted ways, Drane quotes some of the fears Jesus people have of persecution and then observes, "A young person can develop a strong enough case of paranoia so that respectful opposition comes across as persecution. . . . Perhaps there will be some form of persecution visited upon the Jesus people. Personally, I expect them to be part of the Establishment long before anything so drastic develops." This is realistic enough, though Drane believes that the seeds of something better are there, and he calls for a dialogue between radical young Christians and the churches. He realizes that such things as the massive evangelical "Jesus meeting" in Dallas and Key '73 are the probable future of the movement, and he regrets it. It is a "narrow view of man" and anti-intellectualism which he fears. Those qualities will, unless corrected, shatter whatever is honestly radical in the movement.

One thing strikes me about all of these books: they recognize that the church is not at all a self-evident good. Brown sees the need for a renewed sense of mission; Marty knows that new approaches are needed; so does Greeley; Drane envisions a dialogue between the disaffected and the institutional church which could be fruitful. What impresses me most is that all four books contain a kind of hopefulness, and it isn't at all naive. Nor is it defensive. Insofar as the authors deal with tradition they recognize it as a living and flexible medium, a language, not something given once and closed forever. This sense of church, if it becomes general, could be the most significant modern religious event. It is, anyway, good to see it in more than one place at a time.

The Bench and the Ballot: Southern Federal Judges and Black Voters

CHARLES V. HAMILTON

Oxford U. Press, $7.95

DANIEL MORRISSEY

At a time of widespread political malaise, when it's hard to believe that American government has ever effected any real social progress, it's refreshing to read a book like *The Bench and the Ballot*. Spurred by federal legislation, real improvement has been made in expanding black political rights in the South. Professor Hamilton's study examines the initial stage of this process—the enactment of the Voting Rights Laws of 1957 and 1960 and their enforcement in the Southern Federal Courts.

Hamilton's book also serves as a provocative monograph on the relationship between law and social change. In the late '50s, before the nation's conscience was aroused by marches, church-bombings and southern firehoses, only compromise civil rights legislation was politically feasible. The nascent civil rights legislation passed by the Congress in 1957 authorized the Attorney General to seek court orders requiring registration of persons who had been disqualified by voting officials on the grounds of race. The 1960 Act strengthened the federal government's hand by empowering the courts to name voting referees who could register blacks in those cases where discrimination had been proven. Yet both these laws put the burden on the disenfranchised black to prove actual discrimination before Southern Courts would grant his registration petition.

Even though the egregious public laws which Southern States once used to keep blacks from the polls such as the grandfather clauses and the white primary had been declared unconstitutional, more subtle, but no less effective legal methods of discrimination were in full force in the late '50s. Southern laws which provided for stringent literacy tests and irregular registration hours seemed fair on their face. But the wide discretion vested in white officials served one well-known purpose, to frustrate black attempts to vote. In addition, Hamilton describes further obstacles to suffrage, the physical and economic intimidation of potential black voters. This traditional, but patently illegal method of maintaining white political control posed the greatest threat to black voting rights, but was the least susceptible to courtroom proof.

One powerful, potential ally the disenfranchised black could have in the

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tedious litigation necessary to demonstrate actual discrimination was the federal government, specifically the Justice Department. Hamilton aptly contrasts the Eisenhower Administration's lukewarm leadership with the vigorous professionalism of the Kennedy civil rights specialists like John Doar.

Hamilton also shows how the success of the '57-'60 "Judicial Approach" depended on the predilection of the presiding judge. Judge Frank Johnson of Alabama serves as Hamilton's model of "Judicial Aggressiveness." Johnson was a judge sensitive to the subtleties of discriminatory acts such as registration slow-downs and the application of double standards in reviewing white and black literacy tests. Johnson struck down overly-stringent registration standards even when they were applied across the board if the effect was to freeze the white dominated status-quo. Johnson would not hesitate to register applicants himself when inveterate prejudice was shown, and he set himself as a watch-dog over the practices of local boards. However, Johnson wanted the local officials to become reconciled to black voting and he skillfully avoided what would have been an odious intervention by federal referees.

Hamilton juxtaposes Johnson's willing execution of the new laws with the open hostility evinced by Judge Harold Cox, whom Hamilton uses as a paradigm of "Judicial Resistance." Hamilton could have used Judge Cox's background to expand on the political nature of federal judgeships: Cox was the college roommate of Senator James Eastland, the powerful chairman of the Judiciary Committee who had expressed vehement hostility to all civil rights bills. Cox, as presiding judge, took delight in delaying voter suits and frustrating them with procedural technicalities.

There were, however, a third group of Southern judges who, although segregationist in outlook, held a deeper respect for the rule of law and the constitutional mandate for universal suffrage. Judge Ben C. Dawkins of Louisiana exemplifies Hamilton's school of "Judicial Gradualism"—those conservative but honest judges who would order blacks registered when they had made a case of discrimination. Often the Justice Department would "train these judges" to recognize surreptitious methods of discrimination.

In addition to providing a history of Southern voting rights litigation in the early '60s, Hamilton also describes concrete instances of economic reprisals taken against voting blacks by powerful agricultural and financial interests. It becomes apparent that enfranchisement is hardly a panacea for the economic ills of an oppressed people. Rather Hamilton strongly hints that economic independence is almost a precondition to political freedom.

The author postulates that the struggle for human rights must give greater attention to solutions that link political and economic concerns, but unfortunately Hamilton's guidelines on this point are sketchy and peripheral to his jurisprudential theme. The reader is left hoping that Hamilton will expand on his well-laid political-historical foundation and draw up more detailed black-power blueprints to guide the on-going struggle for full equality.

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McCarthy (Cont.)

such visionaries as Abigail Adams and the Grimke sisters.

Unless we are all, men and women, to become simply economic units, it behooves women to find new ways of maintaining their networks, and of learning economic and political leadership. Unless they do, they will be the poorer and society as well. The on-going work is worth the time, if not one's final hour!

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 179)

This offer was accepted. Father Jensen and I then entered into private correspondence concerning the series—discussing the approach, the format, writers that might be used. Father Jensen submitted a tentative list of articles. His original concept was to counter those writers in our paper on articles they had written. I told him he was free to choose this approach but since our readers would quite possibly side with our own writers, it seemed to me the best opportunity for the CBA was to be found in a positive approach. He agreed. He told the press of this.

Our correspondence continued. In the last letter I received, Father Jensen emphasized the confidential nature of our correspondence, admonishing me not to allude publicly to anything in his letters, either directly or indirectly. The admonition was not necessary. I considered the correspondence confidential.

Shortly after receiving the last letter, I received a call from a newspaperman in Washington. He asked me if I had any comment on Father Jensen's letter to me. I said I did not, that our correspondence was confidential. He paused then said that I must not know about the latest letter to me. Father Jensen had released the contents of a letter to me to the news media, in it he had broken the agreement we had been trying to reach.

This letter reached me five days after it had been released to the news media, after it had been reported in news services and its contents discussed in secular and religious newspapers across the country. Coming in the context of an exchange of letters he had warned

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American Catholicism in an Uncertain, Anxious Time

. . . NEVER IN THEIR 183 YEARS as an organized community have the Catholics of this land known a more severe trial than that through which they have been passing in the last decade. In spite of numerous temporary reverses in the past and at times of formidable opposition, that community continued to grow from the obscure band of about 30,000 adherents at the birth of the Republic to an impressive body of nearly 50,000,000 by the 1970's.

With a general optimism and buoyancy that were typically American, Catholics have rarely stopped to reflect on whence they had come or where their prosperity was carrying them. Throughout most of their history they simply accepted good fortune without having given sustained consideration to Newman's thought addressed in July, 1852, to his English fellow Catholics: "We have had reason to expect that such a boon would not be given to us without a cross. It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings." The uncertainty, the divisiveness, yes, on occasion the rebellion that permeate at this hour in time so large a sector of the Catholic community, constitute for many a genuine cross. . . .

May I suggest for those Catholics who still care, and their number is legion, that they recapture the vision of their religious belief by reading again Newman's "The Second Spring," where a renewal of hope and courage awaits them in the timelessness and universality of that unique churchman's perception of the faith in sorrow and in joy, in prosperity and in adversity. Nor is this to suggest an exercise in antiquarianism, for the cardinal's prophetic sense was so clearly vindicated in the debates of Vatican Council II as to warrant the observation that this, indeed, was Newman's council.

Thus American Catholics, still so young in the family of the Universal Church and still so keenly aware of the unity, strength and well-being that were theirs up to a decade ago, can with profit, in paraphrase, ask themselves the question that Newman put to his listeners: "Have we any right to take it strange, if, in this American land, the spring-time of the Church should turn out to be . . . an uncertain anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering . . .?"

—Msgr. John Tracy Ellis
Commonweal, April 27, 1973

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me were of a confidential nature, I believe the release of a letter to me to the news media before I could have possibly received it was a completely unethical action.

We made our offer in good faith, were engaged in discussions concerning it believing that Father Jensen was an honorable man. For him to end the discussion by release of a letter to me before I received it I do not believe honorable. He calls it an open letter —and apparently he considered it such —but it opened with the same personal salutation he had used in his other correspondence.

Having been victimized by what we considered an unethical action, we had and still have no interest in any correspondence the executive secretary of The Catholic Biblical Association might send to us. As for publishing the "open letter" it had already been more than adequately publicized across the nation before we ever got a chance to see it.

DALE FRANCIS
Editor-Publisher,
National Catholic Register

Reply

Mr. Dale Francis is attempting to misrepresent and vilify me in the pages of *Commonweal* as he has in the *Register*; my thanks to *Commonweal* for allowing me the response that the *Register* refuses.

"A letter made public by radio, newspaper, or such but in style written to a specific person," is, according to my dictionary, an "open letter." The letter I mailed to Mr. Francis on Nov. 5 was to be my *public* explanation for calling off the CBA series in the *Register*; it was sent with a cover re-- questing publication in the next issue of the *Register*. Mr. Francis three times called this a "personal letter" and said its release to the NC News Service was "an unbelievable action" [*Register*, Nov. 18, p. 1], even "unethical" [Nov. 25]. Yet that letter was addressed in exactly the same manner as an earlier letter published in the *Register* [Oct. 28], which was also released to the NC [see *Origins*, Oct. 25, pp. 280f.]. We are

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asked to believe that after all these years in publishing, Mr. Francis cannot tell the difference between a personal letter and a letter to the editor. His moral indignation is self-serving and suspect. The readers of the *Register* have never been told the letter was sent for publication.

The calling off of the series should not have surprised Mr. Francis; on Oct. 28 I sent him a 5-page letter asking whether, in fact, the *Register* was willing to provide the climate for a constructive series and indicating that *Register* policy had placed the agreement in jeopardy. (Since he exaggerates a brief reference to this being a private letter, I gladly give him permission to publish it—provided only that he publish the whole thing and not part of it taken out of context.) The main problem raised was the impossibility of the CBA's attempting a constructive series while *Register* columnists continued to attack and misrepresent. I detailed one egregious example of misrepresentation. No satisfactory response was ever received.

Reasons given for calling off the series in my open letter include the following. (1) The promise, given both publicly [*Register*, Oct. 28] and privately, of not calling individuals heretics or Modernists was broken (Oct. 28 and, especially Nov. 4, where Mr. Hallett calls Raymond Brown "the best known example" of a Modernist). (2) Mr. Francis persisted in misrepresenting the CBA letter to the Bishops as an attempt to suppress criticism rather than a complaint about irresponsible charges of heresy. (3) Mr. Francis continued to pretend that the CBA is not in dialogue unless it responds to the misrepresentations published by the *Register*. (4) The agreement was announced in an insulting manner: the "scholarly elite" had been "immature and un-Catholic" in their response to criticism but now have finally agreed to "enter into honest controversy"; we were even made a party to this judgment: "the Catholic Biblical Association has accepted this proposition" (*Register*, Nov. 4). (5) It is pointless to attempt discussion with men who blatantly misrepresent what we teach (see, e.g., Fr. Most, Oct. 7; Mr. Hallett, Nov. 4).

Further personal correspondence seemed pointless, so I sent the letter for publication. Since I knew it would not appear in the *Register* for at least two weeks and because there had been an NC wire story on the editorial just referred to, I also sent it the same day [Nov. 5] to the NC; they received it Nov. 6, the *Register*, Nov. 8.

Mr. Francis must have a sense of humor. After running two columns on the letter he didn't publish (and now, incorrectly, I believe, says it was widely discussed in newspapers), he later asserts the series was called off "for reasons only their executive secretary knows" (*Register*, Feb. 3).

(REV.) JOSEPH JENSEN, O.S.B.
Executive Secretary
Catholic Biblical Association

Federalist Facts

Louisville, Ky.

To the Editors: In referring to "the authors of the Federalist papers such as Madison, Jay, Adams and Jefferson" [Apr. 5] Professor Horowitz is patently in error—unless he has discovered a new historical fact. When I studied the *Federalist* some years ago scholars generally were in agreement that Hamilton wrote fifty-one of the papers, Madison twenty-nine and Jay five. Adams and Jefferson had nothing to do with them.

JAMES P. SULLIVAN

Male Sex Roles

Berkeley, Calif.

To the Editors: The articles by Baum on *"Catholic Homosexuals"* [Feb. 15] and Toolan on *"Divorce and Remarriage"* [Feb. 22] call for the Church to re-examine its traditional position on these issues. I am convinced that the Church needs to develop a new view of human sexuality, based not on constraint, but rather competence.

For the past year, I have been investigating the connection between tradition male sex roles and the increasing sexual problems in men, particularly premature ejaculation and impotence. My experience is that men acting out their sex role identify their sexuality with their power, hence any challenge to the one is an attack on the other.

Male sex roles are the major obstacle to the Church (as well as other institutions) learning from the current sexual experience of Christians. The issues of celibacy, abortion, birth control, divorce, homosexuality, and the ordination of women are all rooted in the Church's clinging to traditional male and female sex roles.

Baum's and Toolan's articles are hesitant first steps in a long overdue re-examination of human sexual behavior.

THOMAS J. DURKIN

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